

# Bard

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# Bard

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*the walls open themselves!*  
— Goethe, “Egmont”

At the door when the door's not called a door  
because the air is fed up with designations and departures

go through what you can  
close what you're able  
open whatever will answer to your touch

that's all, that's plenty. No more names.  
No more pronouns. No more things.

Just all the way to everywhere else.

12 August 2001

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Getting to know everything  
Better than Vienna  
To know all the juice  
In the driest fruit

Can suck book.

12 August 2001

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Finding the rain  
A girl like you

Metamorphosis of journey  
Into a white cup

You fill with honeyed tea  
A foreign country a lime pie

12 August 2001

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What do I know about birds, stars, sea?  
Zero. I know that all I want  
Is somehow interlocked in you.  
Untying that knot is gnosis enough for me.

12 August 2001

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Your life is given to you to give to other people.  
When you use it up they will give you another.

12 August 2001

LUCE

Knowing everything again.  
Came home at fourteen  
Cherishing the secret of eternal manhood  
You slipped me last night at dawn  
When you touched my root.  
Fifty years pass. Are you still  
In South America? Greek  
Statues still have that weird smile.

13 August 2001

(remembering Claire De Paron Hecht Butler, *dite* Luce)

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I could tell you, could open a door  
but there is no wall to put a door in  
just open field, just sky that huge tit,

horizon and no where to go, freedom  
is unaccountable, pathless, no frame  
to fit your shoulders in and go,

I could tell  
you everything but there are too many words.

2.  
That's why I need your questions,  
questions are the gateway into a sudden castle

sorry history of what just happens, sorry,  
I mean a question is the only door you have.

13 August 2001



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The storm comes  
We shelter in a cave

Where our Fate is waiting  
And that too comes

Upon us. Fate  
Is what is written.

In our case what is written  
Is a book, Book Four of the *Aeneid*.

Some people's fates  
Are newspapers, scenarios, shooting scripts,

It is written and it comes  
To find them

Where they shelter from the real.  
So hide in plain sight,

Hide in the marketplace  
Where no one reads

And your fate will never dare to come.

13 August 2001

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Kindness of rain, a path  
through quiet woods  
where no wind moves

no wind at all  
                I stood  
for a long time looking at a glade  
before it dawned on me  
that no leaf moved  
                        not one

as if my eyes kept them rigid by my gaze  
as if our seeing  
annihilated movement in the world

An image never moves

Only between one image and the next  
that ghost called moving moves.

13 August 2001

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I wish I were a mediaeval Arab mathematician  
Then a young woman in the modern woods  
Would look me up in a book  
And write my name down, full of apostrophes and z's,  
And send it to a friend.

Then I would be a word spoken between people  
A friend of everyone at last  
Not just a man who got eyestrain studying the stars  
And told people when it was safe to get married  
And went to sleep thinking *I, only I, discovered the function of Zero.*

14 August 2001

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To know the thing  
and easy to do

What we held back  
was the private thing we thought

because feeling *is* thinking

First thing  
and it was what we meant

the me of me

And in love I share it with you  
held in so long, let free

The inside of the body is  
the only private place the rich child has.

14 August 2001

## VISION FROM THE BACK OF THE HEAD

### Panels in the Necessary Museum

Panels with poems on them —  
any poem dialed up from the catalogue

but these panels are the walls of heaven,  
that is, these are air

on which the words are  
summoned to stand  
all the words of the poem  
hologram in actual space,

or hologram of hologram, words really there,  
words we can walk through

on our way to where they make us go.

2.  
*couloirs, miroirs,*

project the archive  
of everything we wrote

long corridors  
to walk through the streets of poems

the intersections: words around us,

words abounding  
to the deftest of sinners

3.

a poem performs itself in time

time art. But space  
is the only persuasive way we have  
to make time real to us,

a clock has a 'movement.'

Space unpacks time. Time unpacks space.

so to apprehend the time-work of the poem  
we walk through it

interminable corridor of sense.

14 August 2001  
Omega-Boiberik

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Things really are measurable  
come on streets, cast shadows  
sometimes you can sit on them  
stop standing all by yourself on the heavy earth

a rock or chair or edge of a table  
you sit there and permit the day  
to do its circumjacent work,  
you fool. Because all this beauty

is madness, fatal sunshine, ink.  
There is not a single cloud in the sky,  
the audience is applauding tepidly  
and the sound engineer fades the music out.

15 August 2001

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not about this about the shoe  
slip off to touch the grass along  
*your other hand*

isn't that a species of desire to  
to know the feel of what you knew  
only as a principle

a dreary little word?  
so now you know  
the tickle of the actual

you stumble forward  
your mouth is open  
your empty shoes

dangle from your ordinary hand.

16 August 2001



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Through the footsteps of the piano  
I seem to hear a woman's voice I knew  
before I was born. She is my own,  
I press my face against her belly  
whenever I need to get born  
again and again into her world.  
I call her the Countess though  
no one knows how high her  
numbers reach or if she ever sleeps.  
I clutch the horns of her hips  
and stare into the pale dawn  
she presses to meet me  
until I know my name.

16 August 2001

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Birthday of a world  
builds out of you  
the strong hands of your attention

hold the image  
faithful to the movement in it

because everything moves.  
I am astonished  
at how much you make

how much you declare  
using a language nobody spoke before you  
and slowly every body comes to understand

and even sometimes you let someone  
take all this in his arms

as if he could take care of the world.  
By knowing you.  
Then you cast the next meaning hard against the sky.

17 August 2001

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Now that you are more Demeter than Persephone  
It is interesting to see how disobedient vegetables  
Still are, still come up with their roots screaming  
And a man like a dolphin of earth coming out of the earth.

17 August 2001

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Understanding standing  
not to touch  
or else the persephontic flower  
breaks the earth

the mortal flower fatal when you pluck.  
Who's you? A painter or a panther  
*gaia pelle*, anyone I know

or guess beyond by windows.

17 August 2001

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Open the window and whistle.

That's enough  
art for one day.

It takes strong teeth to smile.

17 August 2001

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Suddenly remember the first time I loved rain  
It was grey and cool in the big trees  
Bronx Park I had just walked into the zoo  
teenager and I saw their cool releasement  
in the rich green of tall — maples,  
beeches, oaks? — trees and I knew  
a sudden opening in me, a beauty  
I could not have imagined in that boring  
thing called weather. Something  
in the tree that changed the way I live.

17 August 2001

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emerald shoes  
fly over my head  
someone is a bird  
who isn't

someone looks at me  
from where nobody  
usually is watching  
an instinct

wakes me  
to look up  
and there they are  
green shoes

like the sun's last light.

17 August 2001

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SIGNIFER

Examine faces, a face  
should be as simple as a flag.

17 August 2001